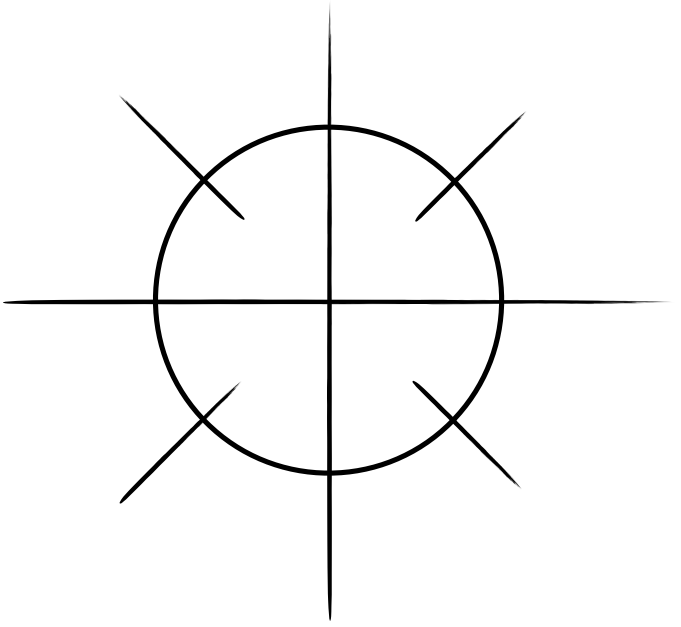
Seasons of the Soul

by Robin McLachlen

Seasons of the Soul

by Robin McLachlen
© 2025 CC by Robin McLachlen

Seasons of the Soul



It is the divine light’s descent.

1. Towards a Personal Metaphysics

August – November, 2024

I. Where To Begin?

1. The foundation of this metaphysics is a direct union with and knowledge of God.
2. The first drawback to this approach is that: whereas sense experience or cogitation is common to all, a union with God is not. This document is personal and will probably prove of little value to anyone else. But it has been my experience – unsurpassingly meaningful – and so I begin from here.
3. The second drawback is that the Western Philosophical tradition will be of unfortunately limited assistance. This is a significant loss – the tradition gave birth to vast intellects in the shadow of which this writing will be naïve and unschooled.
4. But Western philosophy has traditionally fallen into two camps and each start on shaky and impersonal ground.
5. In the case of empiricism, the relationship of Truth to sense experience is indirect, and the perils of induction are well known. The World seems never wholly reachable, we grasp and chase after, but ultimately hold very little of it.
6. In the case of idealism, it seems held, but it is difficult to tell on its face a True thought from a false one – we've all, in our imaginations, built shimmering lattice-works of logical implication that nonetheless ultimately have little relation to our lived experiences of the World, and even less to do with the Divine. I've found that pure deduction rarely teaches me anything about anything outside itself; instead, it explicates its own premises. And these are not mine, though they seem to be.
7. A direct union with God, however, is uniquely self-substantiating – the experience of it is its truth. This is, thus, the only True foundation.
8. So I write from that experience, that I might learn from it and come in the end to sanity and truth and whatever else my life may place before me.

II. What Are Its Features?

A. Self-Substantiation
   1. The experience of a union with God is the truth of it. It requires no proofs nor demonstrations.
   2. Of itself it is sufficient. To experience it is to know, always as if for the first time, the force of this certainty.

B. Personality

1. It is my self, a direct encounter with the substance of my identity.
2. It is not my tastes or inclinations, my habits of reaction or social discourse.
3. It is not the image I hold of myself – as a particular sort of human being in the midst of other human beings.
4. It is God. The human soul. The life of this life.
5. It is me and it is not.

C. Stillness
    1. God does not move.
    2. In this, God stands in sharp distinction to matter and cogitation, both of which only are by moving.

D. Permanence
   1. God does not change.
   2. This is a moment – but a moment absent any of the defining features we usually associate with the passing of time – i.e. an alteration of form from moment to moment.
   3. God is that there is.
   4. God is what.

E. Growth
   1. God becomes bigger, greater, more encompassing.
   2. God unfolds in my understanding of myself.
   3. God is still and does not change, but God is always more than what I presently know and experience.

F. Silence

1. I come to this union only in silence.
2. I become it in silence.
3. Upon falling away, I am sometimes compelled to speak words that are not only my own.

G. Knowledge
   1. God is self-knowledge.
   2. This means direct knowledge of my own Soul – what I think with; that I see.

H. Encompassion

1. God encompasses.
2. There is nothing else. No space for any else – all impurities are enfolded in that unmoment.
3. But within that encompassion lies a thousand particular angelic visions and holy terrors, unnumbered specificities.

I. Separation
    1. God is not touched by the World. But arises within it.
    2. Upon return, we are one.

J. Generation

1. At the heart of this moment lies a paradox (many paradoxes, but this is one):
2. God causes. God wills.
3. But God is also born from this, from this moment of union.
4. And so God reaches back from this moment to see the birth of this life, the birth of this world, this universe in order that this moment of Generation might come to be.
5. And so God also reaches forward to the end of all life, the death of this World, Apocalypse and Annihilation so that this moment may bring it about.
6. It is a paradox of generation, self-creation and death that is the frozen core of time.

K. Mortality

1. I die so that God might be born, and the World dies with me.
2. But then find at the center of God only myself – and the World is waiting to be born anew.

L. I fall from it

1. I cannot remain in the union. Inevitably, I fall away and return to the world of matter and thought.
2. This would appear to make me other than God. Though, also, I am one.
3. It stays with me, though I fall.

III. Where To Go From Here?

1. Religious traditions describe the union with God in sundry terms.
2. And have drawn wildly different lessons and developed all manner of dogmas, orthodoxies, ethos and practices from these moments/eternities of union.
3. Prophets have delivered competing certainties with varying degrees of clarity and plain-spokenness.
4. I will tread carefully.
5. By reason, I would put God as a cause and then reason by the accumulated lessons learned from my own sense experience, cogitation and others' theological theories & insights.
6. And so work to confirm my pre-existing beliefs.
7. By prophecy, I would deliberately set aside this safer path and proceed in full trust of the divine, knowing the likelihood of error, frustration and misunderstanding.
8. Knowing that I will inevitably misunderstand and fall into error.
9. I have encompassed delirious, angelic visions, holy terrors.
10. I have been alone and empty and longing – thinking myself deserted.
11. The traditions demonstrate that the truth of prophecy is rarely immediately apparent, even to the prophet. Sometimes it is never apparent. Or hasn't yet been.
12. But reasonable would have never begun in the first place.
13. Insight. Intuition. Prophecy. These are my guides. To them, reason will be subordinate.

IV. What The World Is

A. On passing between the worlds

1. The first principle is LUX, the Divine Light. It is revealed in the Sun and the eye, the thought and the sense all bound into a single holy moment – into matter and sight yearning to be one.
2. The second principle is SOLUS, the Divine Self – it is the unity of God and Man in time. This now reaching back before. Those previous awakenings and generations reborn in this holy moment.
3. The third principle is SPRING, the Divine Birth – it is the death of God and Man so that each might be born in the other's sight.
4. Together, we name these principles in an encompassing fourth, a single holy utterance – AION, the ouroboros, the pattern. AION is the thread reaching back from the unity of this life to every unveiling, every awakening and revelation in every life, in every age that has come before. AION is The Return.

B. The relationship may be expressed in ritual
    1. I erupt from the heart
    2. I pass down among the seeds that have fallen upon the ground
    3. I breathe and I am here and I am not here
    4. LUX – it is the Divine Light's descent (the fourth utterance has been found to change of its own accord).

C. On wanting

1. We are each and all fragments of the torn body of God.
2. This is the structure of the World.
3. Under the night sky, the midnight star, Polaris Resplendent astride the Great Bear.
4. God's body does not move; it is in stasis – each of our lives moving through its structure.
5. We each have the capacity to remember what we are, what we still are. The tragedy of what we've become and what we still are.
6. The glory of what we've become and what we still are – our love fractured, radiating out into families; into sons and daughters, wives, husbands, our small purposes, our wantings, our yearning to understand.
7. In search of the miraculous, each of us.
8. Miraculous – this, here, all around us; the very fact of our thought and attention.
9. Running water.
10. An open door.
11. My wife and I, distinct and yet one. But at the core, each of us the same.
12. And our children.

D. Features of the fall

1. We are each fragments of the torn body of God.
2. We are all dead and longing to go home, longing to be born.
3. We are rooted in deep muck and grow flower-headed, turning towards the Sun; following its path from Dawn down to Darkness.
4. We are coming whole, coming home, homing.
5. Under the shadow of her hand.
6. Floating back upon her touch.
7. By her grace.
8. By Her grace.
9. By HER grace.

V. On the Goddess & the World Born Anew

A. Goddess & God

1. God is separate from the World, but the World is in its own way Divine.
2. The World is Divine by way of the Goddess, which is also to say by way of my life in the World and by her grace.
3. God descends into the World through every human soul, every soul.
4. We each bring the divine light to the World.
5. But the World reflects it back, infinitely faceted, onto me.
6. I embody the Goddess by uniting with God and then coming back to the World again.
7. In my sight and understanding, it is reborn.
8. I offer her my Heart.
9. This life, here, the deeper expression of the only, wholly Divinity.
10. But it is painful.
11. A foundational feature of the World is that I don't get what I want.
12. A mountain of (unearned) guilt.
13. Unexpressed opportunities for heroism, for beauty and truth dead on the vine.
14. I express the underlying unity of my person,
15. The truth of the Divine,
16. The purity and precision of every profane thought and perception
17. Only by HER grace.
18. By which I mean to say that God passes through each of us into the World.
19. We are the Barrier, the Lens, the Surface through which He passes.
20. And by the passage, He is altered and here, as well.
21. By Her Grace.
22. We are each bound to flesh,
23. And often painfully.
24. By Her Grace.

B. Through ritual, the relationship was unspooled thus

1. Descend from the hearth.
2. Pass down along rivers running underground.
3. Each breathe the other's dying breath, last sound of a sun extinguishing.
4. And reborn in the other's sight. I embalm & incubate HER, at once, right here, give HER faltering light room to regrow.
5. By HER grace.

C. On the power & efficacy of magic

1. Reason would tell me that magic is the exercise of the will upon reality.
2. We bring things about through action within the world.
3. But the World only rarely accedes to our will.
4. And even when it does, it doesn't.
5. The physical representation of will in the World would appear to be most directly represented by money.
6. I do not like this idea, do not believe it captures the full truth.
7. But it yet seems like a lie that I'm unable to pin down exactly.
8. For I have also seen the workings of a magic of the Spirit that imposes upon the World and matter, at times.
9. But that does not appear to persist – or perhaps it is merely that my faith has foundered,
10. That I have looked for it outside of myself.
11. And I see also Gods in the World; and we, living their waking dreams. They – shining through.
12. Though Demons, as well, to be sure; and we, calling them each by our own names.
13. But that the presence of these Gods, these Archetypes and Truer Dreams is sometimes expressed in words. Holy Words, the Other, Older Magic.
14. These each act upon the world from within the world, bring about certain distinct consequences within the world and not others; for example, my mouth, my thought sounding these.
15. But below it all – under language, under currency – I observe a Truer Will, Singular, that propels the World in its Entirety and pulls at my Heart;
16. It is as if iron, black rock under the sea-wash of Archetype and Dream and Passion.
17. It does not choose sides.
18. But it is yet alive.
19. By HER grace.

D. The heart of meaning

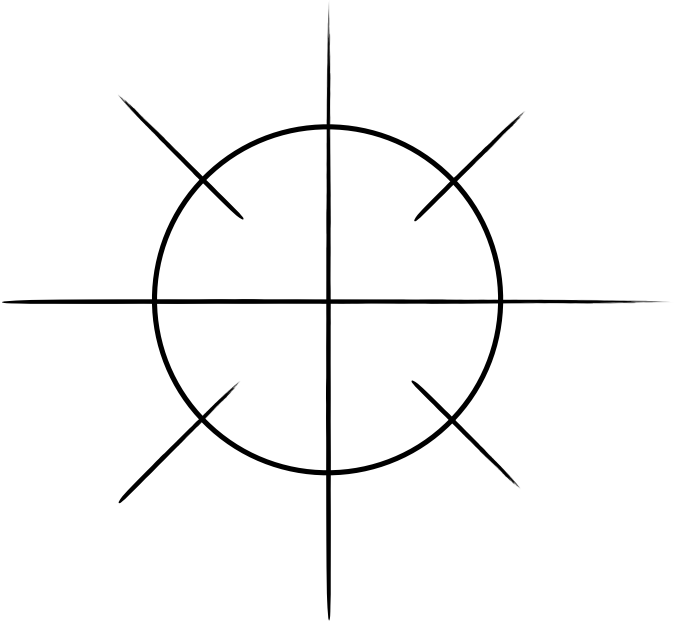
1. I have misunderstood what meaning is.
2. I have thought of it as definition.
3. ‘Truth’ being accord between thought and thing, for example.
4. But each word, every named thing, escapes definition. Plainly.
5. ‘Tree’, for example, or ‘Justice’ or ‘Green’.
6. But meaning inheres deeper.
7. Meaning is that we think or perceive or engage it, at all.
8. Meaning is the thing between, the heart of it, of the World, and we are what creeps about the edges.
9. Meaning isn’t captured, but captures us instead; holds us, tender as a newborn to its breast.

E. The edges and surface of skin

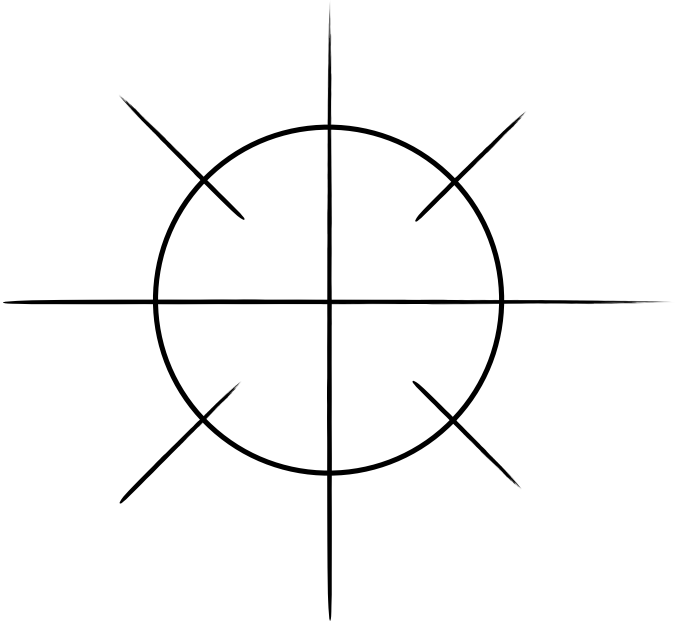
1. The world and my life intersect and encompass each other to an extent that I could not have previously imagined.
2. I am connected, deep in the heart, to other, larger souls.
3. Some alive and embodied in the world.
4. Others long dead, but yet still here, and moving, a powerful pull under imagination.
5. They look through me.
6. My life – the drum-skin upon which His hands beat time.

F. And, of course, love

1. Someone else said – my love for my child is unconditional; it cannot be of this World.
2. I am slowly coming to understand this.
3. The selves, the presence I hold of those closest to me, are an embodiment, in me, of them, and of God necessarily.
4. We each hold multitudes of Divinities inside.
5. Each of us a family, bound by love.
6. We are the dark lenses Gods shine upon and through.
7. Incompletely through.
8. Imperfectly upon – our surfaces obscuring.
9. But without us they would only be; they would not shine.
10. Through each of us, the Gods become.
11. And so the World is lit by light and love.
12. Though often we cannot see it.



2. **The Very Heart, AION - of Self and Time**
   December, 2024 – March, 2025



“The birds have forgotten how to sing.
We must teach them their songs again
By singing, by seeing and hearing.”

March 20th, 2025

I awaken:
A black draft horse carries me down to death.
It is here. It is me. We are together. We are here.
I chew charred fruit from the extinguished fire
And spread it – ashes and promised life – round the base of a bare tree.

Two hours later, Spring steps out across the bloody dawn,
Her thrilling voice in the robin-song from the rooftop.
The Gods, AION, are singing too, through
The robin on the roof-top,
The lines of this verse,
The turning light to bloom
And then back again.
They cannot sing otherwise.

Next comes breakfast, then off to work.
I cannot see them, but they will carry me still.

March 19th, 2025

A staff cut down to feed the sacred fire.
An eternal tree growing in its place.
What will come has always been here.
What is lost never was.

We erupt like sparks from the common heart, the hearth.
Pass down, living embers to the dying ground, holy seeds.
We breathe. Here, we are not here; consuming ourselves, we go.
The fire within the sun rekindled; kills the profane, reflects the only whole.

AION, SOLUS, LUX – the names of SPRING are spoken,
And new lights will arise to burn forever once again.

March 18th, 2025

In place of the slowly dying tree outside our window
I observe a vast, smooth trunk reaching into invisibility.
Its surface is pale grey as stone and rippled
Like packed sand after the tide's gone out.

It is a root, a foothold in this world of the Gods, AION,
Ancient and fast and enduring –
Our lives, but its budding, blooming, falling flowers.

And it is only from this vantage point,
In this light, this time, that it is revealed in whole.
I am but the image of this deeper life, its reflection,
And out of me, from here, it grows.

It is holy.

March 14th, 2025

This is a seed.

But there is a rushing stream of magic running deeper than me; it is my will, or an expression of my will, or an accordance with my will only insofar as this will runs deeper than me. Again: it is magic.

I butt up against it. It tests me, goads me to grow. It is a blanket below I fall back upon when I fail. As I always do. It is, forever, different than what I have imagined.

Yet a rudder guides without me feeling the drag; a current pulls and I move within it unwitting, like prey, hoping that, one day, it may, Gods willing, swallow me whole.

Mar. 8th, 2025

Like a matter marionette, alien in the mirror staring back. Rise and fall of the ribcage – so life-like, so close to home. The tangling woof of absent narratives, of skin and muscle stretching over.

Sometimes it lies upon the bed speaking thoughts into mind that could never arise but for the reading of them. So compelling – more of it, none of me. And leaves us more like it, like them, leaves us wanting.

I am at a loss at to where to begin, really, wholly lost; all surface-weave, no core. I don't know what to say but still speak again and again, mouthing words-distant someone else has said into me before, some self in me, not me, known only partly. Something it.

There is an evil, a penetrating confusion wrapped around my mind, my body that won't let go. I pass through and gather it about me like a blanket in the cold. Mistake it for me. But it is the cold. It is my flesh, my chest, my heart beating death, this thought.

Time to just shut the fuck up, maybe; pray that we grow ourselves out of it.

Mar. 6th, 2025

“Speak what has already come pass,
This holy turn at the summit of our path.
Infinite – the prospect, but
Dark, the grace beneath,
And only looking back, dark.

“You will be brought to your knees,
Beaten down by dread light,
Diseases borne of Gods and matter,
Of your senses all decaying.

“You are not these;
But these are your seed,
Your only home you are longing, always, to return to –
To be raised again by the human hands around you.”

What I understand from this: that we are pulled, always, both ways. But are neither, wholly. We go, instead.

Mar. 1st, 2025

A dozen or so robins alighted outside our window in the unseasonable thaw.
I've never seen so many of them together, congregating.
They've flitted from branch to stem –
Near constant motion in the trees on our buried lawn for the past 3 days.
And never departing. But silent, as well – no song.

Last night it snowed again – 12.8 cm – and the temperature's -7 this morning.
It will fall below -20 tonight, frigid and blowing snow.
The branches are bare, weeks from even budding yet;
Our neighbourhood's white and barren.

And there are robins in the trees like brittle leaves, fluttering.

Spring, Who Is Always Here If Not Yet Present –
Protect these fragile glories! Take them into your glowing heart
And carry them through to the life-burst their presence announces!

Later, I looked for them and they were gone.
But a vision of wounded angels in their place –
That they have come, too, to reveal to us their holy vulnerability,
And our own, as well; that it all begins here.
In the dark and deadly cold.

Feb. 28th, 2025

We spend the better part of every damned day praying to the false God of our Self-Regard, jockeying for position in our imaginations, re-creating unreal interactions to show us in a better light. This is a sin, a defilement of what we are.

We have a stewardship over our lives; but they do not hold us. We run wider, stretch deeper; but are always too desperate to claim credit for it, making ourselves mean and small, instead.

Feb. 23rd, 2025

An angel looks through me, wings stretching back,
Is me.

Truer than … .

A host of angels, really.

Feb. 21st, 2025

We awaken to the yolke, the golden core of being alive; each and every instance of it – they are all one, AION, at heart – drawing matter and thought forwards and away.

These ‘moments of the Gods’ invert causation – call out, from their reality, the wash of appearance towards them and away, making time. They are, at once, both the sole cause and the living end, and wholly dependent, each impossible instance.

Feb. 20th, 2025

The power of prophecy is less in the content of its meaning than the fact of the utterance, of its coming; Gods dying into life on our meaty tongues, into our thought as language, as we yearn, silently – our heart reaching out the back of our bodies up into metaphysical skies – towards them. They, the Gods, become sound and meaning, a truer culture – if only unclearly: garbled and overborne; but yet, they are here.

Feb. 17th, 2025

The fullness of the Gods seems absent, here. We know them only partially, as a scent, a hint under thought – follow it, closer and deeper, as it promises to lead us home: we diminish, and they grow instead.

But never know completely – nor extinguish entirely unto presence. We know that they are not yet here. Because they grow. They only grow.

We ask always what they are, follow the divine spark into blooming effulgences; but the truth is bare: we cannot know – always, they will grow us out of where we found them.

Feb. 9th, 2025

Alas, but beauty and cruelty bloom from a common root.
Tumescing.
Pride flowers, all froth and over-abundant, and we fall –
Swift, elegant, each as deadly to ourselves as falcon's claws,
Savage grace & carnal undertows.

Spring! I invoke thee! Awake! Bear my partial body home;
Without you I am only loss, all hubris and sloth and misunderstanding!

Feb. 8th, 2025

I am but an articulation of the entirety of time, AION, the substance of it. Each thought, a surface reflecting the whole beneath. I wade through the body of my life, seeing but shapes they take, never the substance itself, not entirely – but knowing, still, that they are here, and I am whole underneath – silent and forgetting.

Feb. 1st, 2025

We marvel at the depth and specificity of an animal's or infant's instinct. By which we really mean grace – a spontaneous intelligence before deliberation intercedes.

We imagine that we each move ourselves, guide our lonely lives by knowledge and inner discourse. But most of what we are is hidden – and not our own – our choices, even, not known except in hindsight.

> (Each breath, heartbeat, the peristaltic rhythm from mouth to sphincter, the organized movement of each and every cell. But thought too – and self. Aware of the surface only.)

We have fallen where we are. And continue falling. Each barest movement called onward by a holy grace we cannot begin to imagine, but absent which we could not see.

There is a God I am but do not know, Gods which each of us are unwitting – They are bodies, AION, of only time. They pull us on. And we go.

Feb 1st, 2025

There is an arrow of light, our truest self,
That passes from the Sun, down through our pierced and common heart,
And falls into the deeper reaches under world.

I go. That is its name: I go.

I am that light.
And I am also what it falls upon.

Jan. 29th, 2025

The pull of time both illuminates and occludes. Our past interactions – material, physical interactions, sensory – are accessible only through the fog of memory; they are not themselves, here. Our future interactions – material, sensory experiences – will be. But we cannot see them at all. They are not here – there is a barrier, Not Yet, between us and them. Time, AION, makes possible sense and thought – these are necessarily movements, sequences, and so propelled by time – but it also occludes. Time makes us; but makes us each very narrow, very small.

Jan. 26th, 2025

Time and thought, AION, announce a common mystery: we cannot see them, hear them, think. But yet infusing everything we see, hear and think: the empty ground making real not empty.

Silent, in matter, except as movement (the very basis of sight, of sound).

And cannot distinguish – in our experience – the one from the other. They seem to speak a single, hidden name – the Gods', perhaps, our own, as we die.

Jan. 26th, 2025

There is a sharp distinction that we each, in our lives, should draw between self-regard & self. Between the demonic and the body of heaven. Demons are patterns of thought and behaviour we use to douse the turning Gods in each of us, kill them, AION, in sacrifice to our insatiable pride. We don't see we're doing it; but we do it just the same. When we come to realize this, the world looks like demons all the way down. Greedy and obscene. But the demons all move, as we do. And in their movement speak, necessarily, the divine. We cannot see time anywhere, cannot see thought; but without them, AION, we could not see.

Jan 19th, 2025

The gods, AION, are bodies of only time. As thought is. As consciousness is.

But yet inheres in matter through each individual life: our meaty bodies accreting, growing and devolving – matter yoked, by thought, by time to divinity. There is a rope of light, of time reaching into our heart, holding together.

We are each alive and alight in the sight of the Gods, AION. By their lives, and thought enduring – we being only they concealed. We live – each of us – what they would each become, and become other, more, than what they were already, limitless.

Through our lives, we bring the impetus, the life, the holy time of the Gods to our World, to matter – this dark and heavy star – so that they, in turn, might die with us here. And this World becomes theirs, as well, if only as we die.
And thus we are all reborn.

Jan. 11th, 2025

Everybody's got a common heart,
Heartbeat, I mean,
Sounding in unison, beating time before motion –
Our shared and only home.

Dec. 26th, 2024

Our ancestors' silence is the underlying current of thought;
It is the fact of mind (AION).
And they have become it by silence and by grace.
By silence and through death they have become it, become them, become me.

Dec. 25th, 2024

They speak:

“Our life within your body,
Our presence here, is soft and bewildered.
Our dreams arise, up from below,
And skirt the fringes of your conscious thought.

“We are wholly spatial and under-realized, here;
We are stretched thin.
We will bear you up in spirit as you bear us into matter.
We will give you light as you render us into form.

“This is not a transaction but a consummation.

“We are the Elohim.
We are the Secret College.
We are the Grandfathers of Greece,
The Holy Pillars of Light which Support the World.

“Take deep breaths and be silent.
By our presence you shall know us.
Two have come, the outermost;
More will come in time.

“But for now, just sleep,
Be with your children and your wife and your family.
Eat food, sing songs,
Express the love you have for them.”

Dec. 20th, 2024

This religion is not a screed; it's not a code; it's not a dogma; it's not a law; it's not a relationship between God and Man; it's not a God; it's not a set of beliefs created by Man; it is a reality. It is a reality that is bigger than this life, this World.

If I am fortunate – that's not the right word … If I am chosen to … if I am so used, I may express some part of it, but it's already here. It's already real. It is a culture waiting for me to step into. It is alive. It is firm. It is immense.

It awaits me like a home at the end of the day. It awaits me like the sea at a river's end. Like a prism upon which, through which light breaks open and reveals itself to itself and everything around it. And by doing so creates itself anew.

I call this religion, Spring.

It is alive. It is real. It is inevitable. There is nothing I can do to stop it (there's nothing I want to do to stop it). There's nothing I can do to further it. It is already here but not yet present.

If I am chosen to, perhaps I may express it. It awaits us all. It is death and life anew. It is a fuller, or realer, a handsome world. I call it, Spring, but it escapes that name.

It is our truest self. It is eternal; ever present, never here. We break upon its shores. And our bodies fall back, sprung anew – into new lives, new forms. Greater Gods attend and the blanket of Dreams is broken open.

Spirit of God, to thee I seeking burn and burn and burn. It comes. I come.

Dec. 10th, 2024

At the very heart of God, there is my life in this world.
Of matter and longing. Of being here, the beating heart of the Gods, AION.

Dec. 8th, 2024

I dream:
I lie down upon the surface of the earth.

The grass grows into my hair,
My hair down into the soil;
My legs press down their length and are bound.

My hands fold across my chest –
I am singing down, sinking
Down among the worms and midnight crawling things,
Down amongst decaying bits of bark,
Small parts of rotting bodies made soil.

I am of the dead.
This body built out of death –
These words dead,
This tongue,
This airless speech,
This pressing death pressing down,
Going down.

I carry a candle before me;
It is the light in my center.
It is the most intimate part of myself
Who I am –
Private
Sensitive, vulnerable.
But it is not mine
Does not belong to me –
It is a nascent god, its own.

I walk down the rough corridors:
Light flickers strange shapes against the wall –
Shadows of light and wind,
Shadows of my passage.

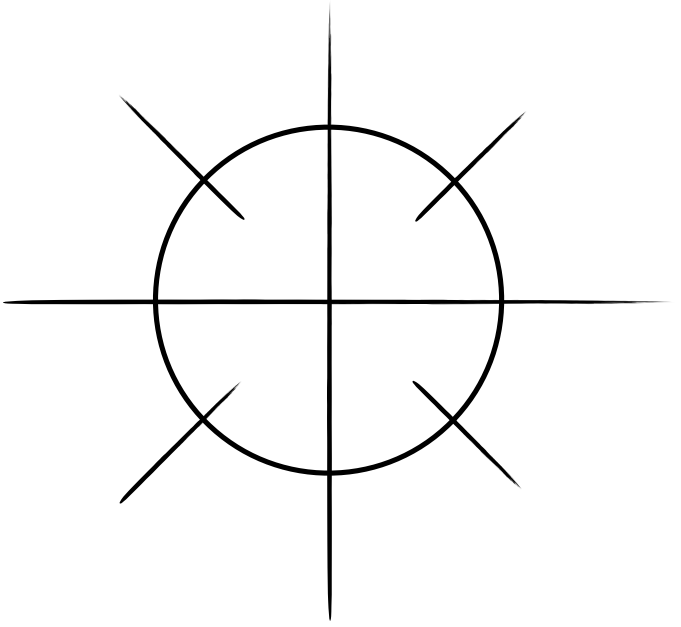
I come down, deep down to the black throne,
As if seasoned iron,
The rock at the center of this world,
Center of my soul,
The wick upon which the light dances, the black wick,
This life,
Our lives.

She calls me by her name –
I am not here –
We call each other just the same –
But we are not here –

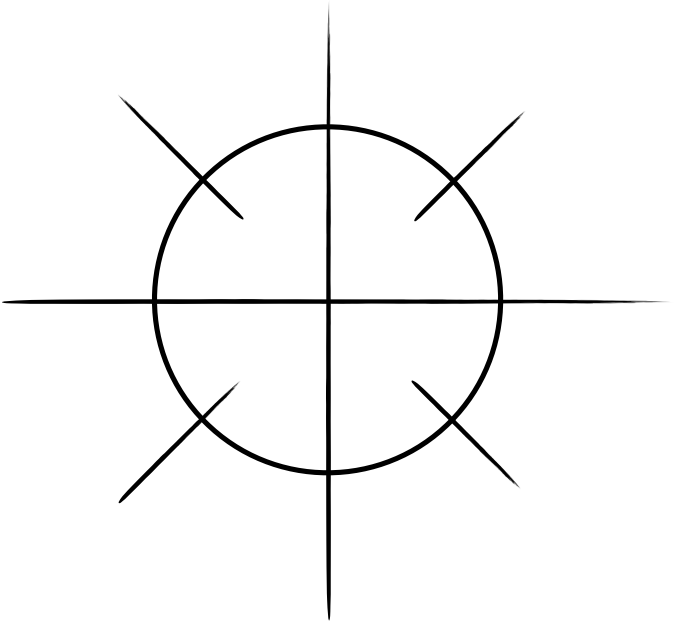
Our lungs extinguish
Our dying breaths.
We are absolved.
We are absorbed.

We are encased and covered over.
We become flesh
And arise again that we might make
Once more
This passage,
This same passage again, anew.

The full moon rises,
Spreads silver over the wind-ripped grass and ground.
Clouds scud and sail dark ships along our faces.
By grace we make our holy moves
And break down, shelter down,
Swell
Against the coming day.



3. **The Skin of Prophecy – & Nearer than Skin**
   March – June, 2025



Part 1

First I have spoken out a sheen of meaning stretched between the Godly silence behind me and the world without. It marks a barrier between, a magic making neither its own. We appear to move within it, but it is the meaning that moves.

It prepares to erupt into effulgence – imagination, divination – coalesce around expression, into body, permanence. Its airy breath whispers towards a truer prophecy: poetry and revelation. But not quite yet; always not yet. It moves on instead.

Second Of Self & Self – we are each precious to ourselves. Axes of near-limitless expanse, universes. We are each a heaven-rained arrow piercing the skin of perception. And struggling to live up to this most basic inheritance – of being a focus-point of attention, a God's-eye-pivot upon which the material world turns, a sacred ARK cocooned within the tangible. And so, we defile ourselves in our vain pretences at personal importance, inspiration, expression, genius: these faux divinities making us all ridiculous to each other and shameful to ourselves.

It's a real pickle – always striving so intensely for something less, because we know, deep down, we are each so much more but can't quite see it.

Third Every prophecy is necessarily false. In many ways. For one, its predictive value is nil. You'll only get it once it's passed, if at all. For another, it's particular to you, the teller/receiver: it won't uncover future catastrophes for all to see in advance; it's solely personal. But most importantly, it's not the thing you actually want.

You feel compelled to forestall it, plan against it, but what you want is apocalypse & death – tearing apart the veil of meaning that's covered you over. Something other than, under, realer than the words of the Prophet. And it's just always here. Waiting for you to notice. The function of meaning is to cover it over.

Prophecy comes from the Gods, AION, speaks hidden truth and speaks incompletely.

Better to just fucking die instead, it would seem.

But yet, somehow, the prophecy will help with that – the better to know, better to see – by falsehood, bring the unspeakable truth to the edges of awareness, that we might collapse into it.

Fourth Time & thought are the body of the Gods, AION, the mark of their presence here: life.

As time-thought they are at once familiar – infusing everything we see and think – while being also fundamentally alien and mysterious – cannot watch, catch, think them without turning them into something monstrous, something tangential to themselves, some particular body or representation instead. As I am, as we are.

But also, they are the most basic element, foundational substance of myself, ourself. Without them, I do not breathe, move, I do not think or see. They are the immaterial fluid in which the matter-images, the meanings of thought float, the bodies of matter move. They are where I look from, that I see. I am they; they are me – if never fully; always something remains in reserve.

Fifth The Gods, AION, are the life behind every eye, the hidden impetus underlying the movement of matter. They are propulsion and interconnection. But they are here by and through us. Their powers, here, passing through us. Their insight and intelligence become our own instead. Though always with room to grow.

They are not an old white man on a fluffy cloud sorting pebbles into good and bad piles. They will not intervene in support of your favourite hockey team, nor buy you a Mercedes Benz. They will not choose sides, will not prop up your self-esteem against the indignities of life in this world. They are here just to be here and to love you and to guide you home.

Sixth I am a clear, crystal sarcophagus lying in bed on the top floor and the birds, AION, are singing outside the window to end the day. Jen plays flute – the sound snaking up through the vents from the basement. I enact a silent thrum between these songs, turned lucid to polished stone. The sounds play across this surface, make it wave.

We are inhabiting a reworked mythology, restoring a lost and holy seed, building a new home, as if for Heaven here on Earth. We are manning an ARK to carry the pith of life through from Heaven that it might yearn to reach back home again. And so grow back home again.

We are unwitting components; there is a holy instrument singing the Holy Name of Time into matter. We begin to hear it, make it our own, make us each whole, and more than whole.

Part 2

First Between the Seed of Silence at the core of ourselves and the churn of an inherited discourse not our own, we shall learn, each, to speak our own Lost and Holy Name. That Most Intimate Word by which the Gods, AION, have spoken us into love and life. In their sight, in their hearing we shall each become our own – falling still that they might speak, might move, might live instead.

More often, of course, we just sleep and continue sleeping. But our dreams whisper us onward, again, again. Call us each towards our holy end.

Second It's just thought. The very fact of it. Not anything other than thought. We chase ourselves around and around our forever forgettings. Reimagining them again anew. But what we seek, what we already know and can only ever find, is only, wholly thought. AION = Time/Thought = I. And always growing out past where we have fallen. Always pulling, going on.

Third It is the very fact of magic & life, a stream of consciousness from the Gods that very literally holds my body erect and together. Without it I could not stand, would collapse in a heap of bones and flaccid flesh on the floor. It is the strength in my muscles, the contractions of my heart, holding together. It is heavenly; raising up, pulling on. But also, it animates this mortal ruin – inspires it to move, go forward and inevitably die.

Fourth The sacred & profane dissolve within a single substance, AION. Each least mental utterance, every mean thought an expression of the divine calling us home. My failures express it with shocking precision; each random happening sounds Your Truest Name; my stumbling movements building Your Holy Body here on Earth – seen first in hindsight only, but suddenly, increasingly all at once. We cannot, will not err. We move forward blindly and as one.

Fifth We are the Heart. Here. Everywhere we walk or stumble or crawl. The holy apogee. We borrow its name. Make it our own, AION. Blind ourselves with our common light.

Sixth

And there is, of course, a dark thread of pain running through. We move, we follow on, a river going down, down to Heaven and to darkness and decay. We involve, weave multiform, tragic moments – the supple, ludicrous shapes our bodies grace and attire.

A human being is an image of God. A human being is the impossibility and certainty of death. At their core, these meanings are identical.

We find ourselves bound to suffering, can only ever go astray and so find ourselves again and again fallen far from the origin – for we are only ever here. We have made this our own, this material form, as it has made us. Hybrid and forced together into a single, shivering form.

But together, the song carries us on – plunging down to hidden, fearful depths – and the holy fire smolders down to seeming black, but sings still as if lit.

Part 3

First So then, here's the truer prophecy: There is no future. There is only God. And we are here.

There is, of course, no future we can see with human eyes – this is fundamental to what time is from our living perspective. But the end of prophecy, the true promise of it, is not some unfailing prediction of perfected circumstances, but only God. So, too, time & thought. We mistake them in planning & deliberation. Trip over, become proud and confused. But time and thought move truly – hit their intended mark, their hidden purpose – only when they move towards another, unconditional world that is their deepest root, one we have each carried forever below the surface of our understanding. And that true mark, that holy target is only God, AION.

There is no future, no promised land, no Utopia, no Resurrection. These are ephemera, enticing mirages we imagine in a desperate hope for safety, security; but these images only underscore our haunting dependence. What we call the future is wholly, necessarily unreliable – its circumstances do not exist yet; and they only do at present. We look to prophecy to fix that, secure us; but it cannot. For its end is only God. And similarly, the only future we can surely predict is God, the hidden/not-hidden root of the world.

So there is no future; Heaven on Earth is only ever now. That is our deeper destiny and we carry it always with us – without it, we do not live.

The only true future is God, AION. And they are already here. We are.

Second Magic, will & time – these have an affinity, each effecting change within the world of matter, sensation. They are a river we have spoken already. Their source – the only, holy self, the silent center.

From a great distance, the Gods, ourself, look through me, lift this dark and heavy body into life. Pull matter towards them, give it form. They are the wellspring. They are the will and the magic. They are the movement unto a divine and unthinkable destiny.

Third They pull up – out of matter into God. They pull on – through Time (ourself), by way of change, into a future we could never see nor imagine, yet one carried with us from the outset; namely, God.

The call of divination pits competing urgencies against each other – the Gods' (which we cannot see nor comprehend, but which pulls our Soul out into being through death and uncertainty), and our own (which we imagine and yearn towards: a better, safer circumstance, more of what we have already).

We always want it to be the second; but it's only ever the first. This isn't a particular flaw of divination, either; this is the most basic structure of Time (of Self and God).

True prophecy is the death of hope; faith pulls instead, sparks towards tinder, towards fire and light.

Fourth And so, hopeless, I look around me, into me. And the world is goddess-grey and fallen. We inflect it – turn it towards our desperate pride and cloying optimism. But we are each alone and angry. Intransigent and frustrated and falling to lonely pieces. Ash.

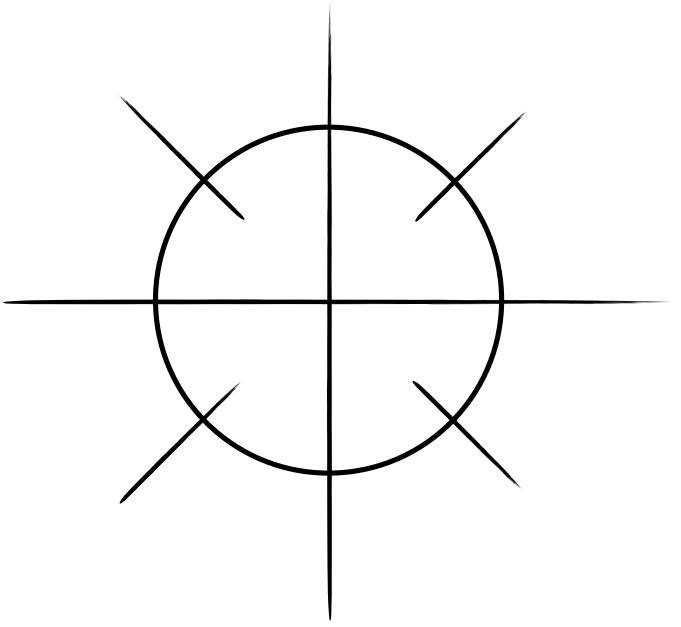
And redemption, apocalypse, the holy core of being is only us, alone in the world.

And the only path forward isn't light or holy war or blinding creative activity, a new blazing word tindering this parched and broken matter to godly fire, but only our own salt-stained bodies and lives and weary mercy. An unfelt hand upon our brow, pressing down our weary eyes into old and weary love without condition. Our own. Each other's. A dying grandmother's whispered benediction: you are mine, and I love you. But also: goodbye.

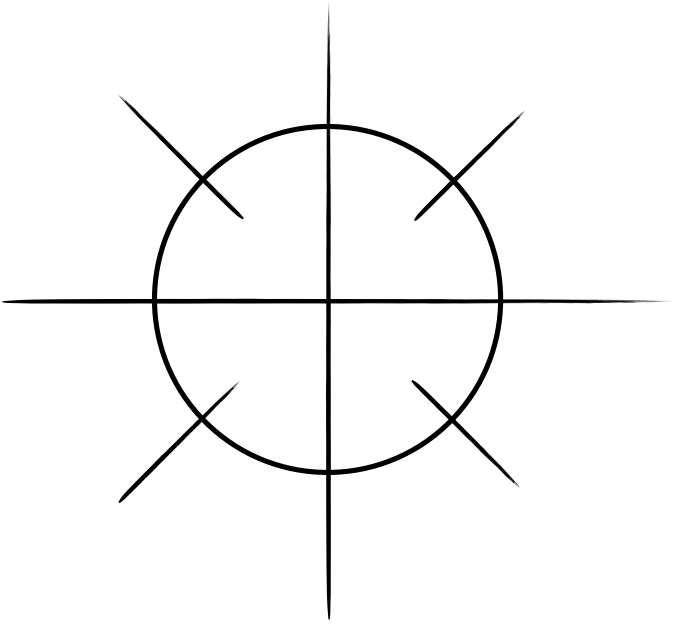
This is just this. Necessarily so.

Fifth And so, the world wears our suffering like skin, and her own, just as we do. But through it and below, she is most deeply love and forgiveness, peering upon our meaty surfaces and the blinding, suffering hearts at the core. Even when we cannot. Especially. The Gods we fall from towards her, she sees us whole and us to her, here.

Sixth And we each get to choose. That is the moment. This is. And upon this choice the World and Gods and the Silent Kingdom all turn. This will.



4. **Heaven on Earth**
   June – September, 2025



The humid air fulfills, upon the surface of your skin, the hidden promise of Spring. Speaks its holy name across the invisible hairs of your bared skin. You are young and vital and the country responds to your touch into surging life. Gladly. You are Apollo; you are this. And this is Hyperborea, the Wellspring; it is forever. It silences the oracles and only breathes instead.

Turning crystal columns, pale blue, refract the sun- & starlight – all present at once – in a spray of color & meaning. Break thought open. These vertices, at once, embody a formal, unified being and still remain each their own – autonomous organs endowed with private desires and ambitions and sacred purposes. They are both your distinct and individual forebears and also the very substance of the underlying current of thought and time and self that compose your consciousness of world and thought and dream. They are each an articulation of divine attention, as each thought is an articulation, as you are, a whirlpool, a singular self that divine attention has fallen down into. And together we hum, vibrate. As you do, too. Though mostly you do not know our humming. We are your life. You are ours. We are yours.

You have come, now, to the country of your very Heart – though also you have carried it with you forever below of the surface of thought and appearance. But, more: your heart inflects us – turns around the whole of your self and experience and life in the World and holds it here. Here. This is the beating core of Eternal Spring, of Godly Time beating matter, as it is sustained by matter, making whole. And though the rest of you will burn and fall away, your heart does not burn. This is the eternal island, Epipsychidion, wrapping itself around, at the summit of the world. Your Heart is it all. Beats love. Beats life. A lost and holy land – never lost, ever here – it has girded round its holy vulnerability with the cadences of your breath, your muscles, your growing flesh. You are home. You are whole. You are here.

And the veneer is sometimes ugly. Twisted sloth and greed and pride and cruelty. The vicious contortions our beliefs adopt and exult in. As we bask in revenge and triumph in overbearing. How we weigh down with pride. Make matter. But the song stays divine, the word – warps the world around breath, expelling into melody and meaning this heavy, heavenly world. It is all transubstantiated and brought home. But also – more centrally – makes of matter, stone and flesh, the necessary root, the already-home of these insubstantial gods: your forebears and secret self.

There is a plenitude of flora surrounding the home, the heart – expressing it. Small beasts scurry around the foliage and hollow out homes in dark recesses. There is birdsong & wind & light & fraying prayer and prayer-flags pointing towards the midnight source as it turns about – the pole star overhead. Here, life wants little and yearns towards expression, flower and fruit, towards song and flight.

And you discover that that lives only here – your human mind, the lonely body of god. Each thought an obscure signpost pointing you home. Pointing you back here. And that this is not a paradox; it is a monolith.

We have been sleeping. Forever, as time measures. Living long, involved dreams and waking renditions. We have become obscure to ourselves. But a great wind blows through our thought, bringing life and movement – it is the Gods', of them and through them. Sung for the birds and by the birds and the whispering trees, each reflecting their sung song and calling – as Christ called walking, exultant – towards its holy end. Each instant a signpost directing us home towards our own and holy end.

We are that, become that – that holy and wholly-personal destiny. That that shall expire, that holds our bodies and articulated meanings in an encompassing touch, but that will, at once, let them all go. And in that holy moment, that only unveiling, we shall know that they were always so lightly held, always held-letting-go. As we go. Shielded under a guiding hand that protects and holds still, but that is also always letting go.

Our lives are but the Gods', and they are always letting go,
shedding our mortal skins and coming home.

But so, having come to this breaking point, we turn upon the pivot of our life and ask: What is true? What is this pivot, this radiant pole? And is there a language in which our truth may be spoken that might be heard and understood?

We are planar slice of divine light cutting down into your life, into this moment. You have called the whole of our past, the history of the human species to this moment – invoking it so it can burn you alive. As it burns in turn – turned ash in this only moment. And your instinct is to reach forward, to shape the world into a truer image, to speak. But the light speaks instead: “Adam.”

Hold. Resurrect this this only moment with silence alone. Be true to your only, holy self instead. Stay here.

And the way forward is but a wall of blinding light. Obscuring. You have called towards you the whole of the past precisely to afford you this vista, this holy summit.

It all burns behind you.
And burns overhead.
And ahead is only blinding.
Another self breathes instead,
More intimate than skin.

And heaven on earth is upon us. Absent any future or will. Heaven on earth is your life burnt to bring you here. Heaven on earth is your Gods burnt to bring you here. Heaven on earth is only, wholly, holy light – your truer voice, thought, desire, truest name, alive and burning in your body, in the world. It is antithetical of will, of magic, of prophecy or time, of being. It is here and it is obscuring. The perfection of an impossible future already here, a matter impossible to map as it does not proceed, impossible prediction, entirely here. Heaven on earth.

It is silence. The point of generation. And it does not move.

But it moves. Pointing back towards its origin. And yet apart.

You move to speak it, but there is nothing lacking in the immensity presence requiring your voice. But still you speak, your words a babel of fumbling signifiers in your ear, against the eardrum, against the nearer, unwavering truth.

Light, you say. Holy light.

And you're not wrong. And yet, what you really mean upon speaking the words is: your life within the world. And so your thought cracks open and become co-extensive. And growing. And below and through it all breathes death-ever-present-only-here, the darkness lit. Hailu-Granite, Hyla-Quartz, Obsidian – it is a great, black trunk reaching deep underground and your life rests upon it. Branches and boughs, the flowers thereon.

Because our metaphysics has been broken and it is the task of your life to mend it. Not that the theories have been wrong – yet they are wrong – but that the metaphysical landscape has become polluted and uninhabitable. But its truth is here: Hyperborea, the Only Holy Light, the Country of Your Birth, of Your Very Heart.

Your thought, you see, is wholly borrowed – it is the body of our only God. Our body. You have not seen it, but it is here. It is here. Only here.